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LIFE-VOYAGE VERSE

CHARLOTTE BARNES BIGELOW



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LIFE-VOYAGE VERSE

By

CHARLOTTE BARNES BIGELOW

CHICAGO
1916

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DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER
PHOEBE EDGERTON BARNES



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LIFE-VOYAGE

SONNET

I have sailed, I have sailed over Earth's seas
Swept by storms of December, caressed by May breeze,
Encountered old age, manhood prime, and youth gay,
Sighted broad palms, glimpsed pines of Norway—
White soul of a woman smiled for me through sweet
eyes,

The Southern Cross guards where our heart's treasure
lies;

I have seen gallant ships ride the crest of the wave,
Seen prouder ships sink in the deep to their grave;
In doldrums limp sails hung in folds to the mast,
I have heard typhoons roar, death shrieks on the blast—
Yet known through it all, bright sky or cloud pall,
Sighting safe harbor, or "Valkyrie Hall,"

The compass points true, there was guiding hand,
Each ship with its crew would reach its home land!

A DREAM THAT WAS ALL A DREAM

Through all the leaden hours the cruel sun
Had beat upon our grief!
The hot tears blistered as they fell—
The dull throb of our aching heart
Choked our breath and knelled the pulse of time!
Then night fell, starless, moonless night,
We would not have it other, then blest unconsciousness!
And in that sleep, not dreamless, our brain uncontrolled
Wove into rhythmic flow of verse, line upon line!
To our ecstatic mood there came the joy of the creator!
This our masterpiece! Compensation! Our name shall
live!

.
Imprisoned in what brain cell
Lives my dream-verse dormant?
To what throe of sorrow,
What new birth of joy,
Shall my dream-verse rise
Embodied?

THE WINDS

THE WINDS

West wind, dear home wind, come cool over sea,
Pure as its white foam, as wide-winged gulls free!

Tarry, Oh, tarry with me!

South wind, soft sweet wind, daisies sway as you pass,
Pink rose petals fall, bees drone in the grass—

As you pass, whispering pass!

East wind, mist-laden—wide hearth lend thy cheer,
Driftwood spark blithely, all chairs draw up near—

Welcome cheer, kindly home cheer!

North wind, bleak storm wind, shriek shrill a weird
tune,

Dead hopes, long-lost friends, sands shift o'er the dune,
Old Norse rune, sad folk-song rune!

Winds come, we greet thee, to each message bring,
Encircling round Earth, hearts answer, hands cling,

Responsively sing, winds sing!

I

YE TRUE STORY OF YE BELGIAN HARE

In bosky fen and sylvan glade
A Belgian hare had burrow made;
Not far from cottage thatch and glebe,
Where in the springtime sown was seed
Of golden carrots, turnips white,
And dogs were kenneled safe at night.
Here he had hoped for many a day
To alternate light work with play—
With ear alert to every sound
Of beast of prey or vibrant ground.

One day there came a fearsome noise
Not made by prowling fox or boys!
Out from clear sky the thunder rolled,
The lightning flashed, the church bells tolled,
And from the sky there shot a star
That any rabbit's nerves would jar!

With instinct for some human aid
He farmhouse sought, when sore dismayed
Was he as he drew near to see
A scene of woeful misery!
From house and barn the flames rise high,
The cattle low, the children cry—
Said bunny, “ ’Tis no place for me,
I tracks will make for Zuider Zee!”
From there with one appalling bound
He landed safe on Yankee ground!

Now, here we find in safe retreat,
In burrow deep on shady street,

This refugee from German raid
A peaceful home for exile made—
To loving mate in garb of gray
He tells, as veterans have a way,
Of perils past, of valor bold,
That lose no whit by being told!
He thanks the gods of earth and air
That guide and guard a Belgian hare,
That led him to this “neutral” shore
Till tumult of the war is o’er.

II

THE BELGIAN HARE

SEQUEL

All peaceful in his sheltered nest
A furry thing was dreaming
Of youth and scenes in other lands,
Of moonlight o’er brooks gleaming.
A strange unrest! Sharp startled, cry!
A memory of perils past—
And in his dream he lives again
The horror that his life o’ercast,
That drove him in a wild tumult
O’er wastes and mighty deeps—
This changed, as in a dream scenes will,
In burrow soft he sleeps.
A roar! A crash, an agony of fear!
Sharp fangs and rending claws
Through tender flesh and fine-strung nerves,
Vain struggle—broken laws!

Then, mercifully, in dreams no more,
But in whatever spirit-land
Is gathered sentient life,
He joins the martyred band!

Oh, Belgian hare! Oh, Belgium!
Our reason and our faith rebel!
What God or gods watched over thee
That brute force tolled thy knell?

WOODLAND BROOK

A WEDDING GIFT

This stream that wends its quiet way,
Reflecting heaven's own blue,
Through June-fringed banks of tender green
Sparkling with morning dew,
Where chirp of nesting bird is heard,
And shifting rays of golden light
Gild wavelets on the mossy rim,
Where fireflies danced at night,
Needs but the smile that plays around
The lips of one sweet maid
And the proud air of ownership
Quite fearlessly displayed,
To bring the blessing to your home
That we from full hearts send,
With wishes that your stream of life
Flow placid to the end.

"JUST LOVE ME"

"JUST LOVE ME"

MRS. M. TO FLORENCE

In minor key, plaintive and low,
Soft cooing of the dove,
Flitting between the earth and sky,
Asking for only "love"!

A woman's charm in every move,
A woman's pulsing heart
Bestowing all, yet asking naught
But in your "love" a part!

With grace of line, cadence of speech,
Yet modest as a flower
That lifts its wet face to the blue
From chink in some gray tower,

These twain into each other's eyes
Looked deep, nor searched in vain,
Each found the sympathy they sought,
Then hymned love's soft refrain.

TO A ROBIN

SINGING FROM THE TOP OF A TELEGRAPH-POLE

Brave copper-breasted harbinger of spring,
Pouring upon the city twilight air
Full-throated melody from your high perch
Above the top-crossed bar of that bare pole!
By what wild glamour of new love's unrest
Find you a heart-balm for far southern spire
Of cypress, moss-draped oak, or orange scent?
Or is there fine magnetic thrill
Trembling along prosaic wire to far-off mate
Lonely as you, waiting alone while you explore
This northern clime for homestead stake?
Now, is there borne upon some truant breeze,
Wooing the crocus and the daffodil
From their safe winter sleep,
What gives you hope for brighter days,
That you dare fling with rash assurance
Out upon the fickle wind your clarion call
To her attuned ear for wooing note
That bids her follow her dear lord?

By mystery of love's intuition, perched above earth,
Against the glowing sunset cloud
You sway in glad response and joyously
Pour forth your welcoming, alluring song.
Across the great gulf fixed to us
Spring brings no message fond,
No whisperings of hope;
But your sweet note, bright bird,
Gives this much joy,
That there are happy hearts,
And we do hear your song.

THE MUTE MOTHER

My child is born! Was there no cry?
My child is born! They who come nigh
Look strangely; all about no joy
I see! Chill welcome for my baby boy!
A shadow falls athwart the way
His tender feet must tread! Dismay
Looms dark and chill, but gives no sound
Of warning or of welcome: all around
My hearth are portents. I am dumb,
My heart is chilled, my limbs are numb!

I would enfold, would press his face
To my full, throbbing breast, would trace
Each dear lineament, but fear
Lest he might cry and I not hear!
O God! why am I stricken so?
Until this hour I did not know
How full my cup of misery!
My baby's cry! My baby's cry!

My baby's eyes! My baby's eyes!
Sweet as the dawn at June sunrise!
No tear could dim their azure hue
(A twilight mist, stars breaking through),
But I should know if aught were wrong;
Although no lullaby, no song
May pass my lips to his dull ears,
By instinct I can soothe his fears;
Thus, though I hear not baby's cries,
My baby's eyes, my baby's eyes
Are wells of joy and peace to me!

Time is but short, eternity
Shall loose our bonds, my baby boy.
Then we shall know fulness of joy,
Then to your wakened sense I'll tell
What here lips could not frame so well,
There we shall learn the reason why
We were afflicted, you and I.

A CRYSTAL HEART

SONNET

With curious quest, the bitter fruit of seed
Of that fair tree that lost man Eden,
With vision fixed we gazed where in its lucid depths
Mayhap might lie, plain written there as on a scroll,
The long-sought answer to our heart's desire,
Or there be limned, dim maybe (but we should know
The faintest semblance), that one face that blurred all
other,
That ever seeking, elusive ever, left us lone in densest
crowd.
And, as we gazed, we felt the chill, we knew despair,
the horror
That the heart-chords shrank, that spread untimely
blight
O'er the fair cheek of the first *Unsatisfied!*
For, those clear depths darkening, shuddering, *we saw*
our soul!
There, quivering, as that ravished "Tree of Life,"
We "heard God's voice" and "hid"—we too were sore
"afraid."

A RAINY DAY IN MAY

O rainy day! O rainy day!
All in the smiling month of May
A shrieking blast from the nor'east
Discomforts man, chills the dumb beast
Which strays, where cowslip lifts bright head,
Through slushy paths, to find, instead,
No starry glimmer, luscious bite;
But earth and sky in gloom unite
To disappoint these longing hearts
That know not nature's tricks nor arts;
Then wiser, seek 'neath dripping trees,
With plaintive bellow, to appease
Their hunger and aesthetic sense
By lifting boards off garden fence!

But man, less wise in creature lore,
Cusses the weather, walks the floor,
Takes up, throws down, the latest book,
Kicks the sad dog, rails at the cook;
A joy ride in his swell machine,
Mayhap with chosen May Day Queen,
A meet with chums on the golf links,
Of these and many things he thinks
That might have been but for this rain,
And then he kicks the dog again!

O weather-man! we thee implore
More perfect balance to restore
Between the good poor mortals crave,
While tarrying this side the grave,
And this downpour from north by east.

For man nor beast much patience show
When skies are dark and chill winds blow,
Because today it chance to rain,
Remember not the sun again
Will shine through all some happy day,
For this is May! For this is May!

A GIFT OF BEADS

A sweet surprise before me lies,
Supplying latest need!
A prayer I'll say as dawns new day
Upon each glistening bead!

Most gracious friend, with gift to send
Your sunny smile to me—
Reminder of the days we spent
Those happy hours of calm content
Beneath the greenwood tree!

Long days and years, with fewest tears,
We wish you to life's end!
May each fresh morn your charm adorn
As will these beads your friend!

CONSTANCY

Though the candle of life burns low in the socket,
I am shiny of seams and empty of pocket,
The star of your trust still brightens my way,
The gold of your love gilds my life's work-a-day!

HALLOWE'EN

SUGGESTED BY J. T. M'CUTCHEON'S CARTOON
CHICAGO TRIBUNE

I

Yep, sonny, this is summer, Injun summer, sure enough!
Don't know what that is? Do you reckon just a bluff?
You likes stories, don't you? Sure as guns you dew!
Not the made-up stories? Likes them that's mostly
true!

Wal, when homesick Injuns, tired of ghosts of things
(Harpin' ain't so satisfyin' as when them tree-toads
sings),

Bein' old, remembers, when they was little boys,
All the things they used to dew, just common earthly
joys;

How they smoked the corn-silk an' on punkins made
Orful scarecrow faces, most made theyselves afraid!
An' the huntin' an' the fishin', an' the dancin' tew
Roun' the big fire in the evenin' same as me and yew!
So this time o' year they cum a-troopin' along back
When the moon is in the full, "an' the corn is in the
shack,"

An' the big roun' punkins layin' temptin' all aroun',
An' the dry leaves fallin' in great heaps on the groun',
Brown an' red an' yaller, purty as can be,
An' the nuts a drappin' off the hick'ry tree!

(Now don't you little feller git scairt at what I tell.)
When the woods gits hazy an' thar's a smoky smell,
An' what you thought was corn stacks
A 'front of them old shacks,

Them's Injun wigwam poles a-stickin' right up threw,
They's wampun beads a-shinin' in the frosty dew,
An' you see queer shadders a-movin' sum aroun',
Them is Injun warriors a-squattin' on the groun'.

II

I ain't a bit begrudgin' them this little change a spell,
For whar their spirrits ben no one here can tell.
An' I know by my own feelin's, if I should have to go
Away from all of this that Injuns used to know,
Thet when these fall days cum, so hazy an' so still,
I should git lonesum tew for medder, crick, and hill,
An' want to set right here a-talkin' soft tew you
An' see the moon a-shinin', the air kinder blue!
I ain't a-meanin' nothing' agin that hidden life,
Whar the Good Book tells us ain't no war nor strife,
But just a-thinkin' kinder that when our hearts hev ben
Like that grapevine yonder, fur threescore year an' ten
A-twistin' an' a-twinin' aroun' the things they know,
'Tain't natur, that just partin' for a spell to go
Of a suddint off whar everything is queer.
You won't, like them Injuns, be comin' back next year,
To feel, but fur a minnit the cool wind on yer face,
To see the moon a-lightin' up the old home for a space,
An' glimpse the old folks settin' roun' the fire maybe,
A-lookin' roun' and wond'rin' what it is they see
Outdoor, whar the shadders lay by the old stun wall?
(They might have, for a spell, like the Injuns in the
fall?)
Start a-tremblin' at the rustlin' of the dead leaves creepy
soun',
An' the hoarfrost sparklin' on the frozen groun',

THREE BIRDIES

Then wipe a tear an' heave a sigh—an' *then*
Feel still, an' a'most comforted, same as we have ben.
Now, sonny, run right home an' tell 'um what you've
seen;
The ghosts of Injuns an' thur camps 'cause this is
Hallowe'en!
An' next year when yer bigger, cum here *alone* maybe,
An' settin' in the moonlight thinkin' sum of me,
Look yonder whar the shadders fall thick agin the wall,
I may be cummin' back again like the Injuns in the fall!

THREE BIRDIES

Three birdies there are,
 Though not in a tree,
And they are as happy
 As birdies can be!

One birdie is blue,
 And one birdie yellow,
And one a bright red,
 A most beautiful fellow.

The bird that is blue
 Is a piece of the sky,
The white feather tips
 Are the stars you may spy

As you look in a pool
 On a still summer night,
Or up through the trees
 When the moon's not too bright.

But the bird that is red
Is the one to love best,
'Tis the red of the sun
That shines on your nest.

To open your eyes
To another new day,
To love and be happy
At work and at play.

The sheen of the gold
That birdie three wears
Just touched your bowed heads
As you knelt at your prayers.

So, to Folger, dear Hart,
And Catherine, Louise,
And Caroline Florence
We dedicate these

Three birdies that flew
From the tip of our pen,
And hope that with spring days
They will come back again.

THE IRISHMAN'S SMILE

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

The Irishman's smile, Oh, the Irishman's smile!
As sweet and as fresh as his loved Emerald Isle;
The babe from its own mother's breast it would wile,
And long would you look for the peer of his style
When the rosy-cheeked colleen he greets with that
smile;

The heart it would break of the Sphinx by the Nile!
For his "top o' the mornin'" ye'd walk a long mile,
Oh! it's far ye would go for the charm of that smile!
'Tis the dearest heart-wish that we ask for the while
That the last of ould earth be that free from all guile;
And pray that St. Patrick be there at the stile
To welcome us in with the "Irishman's smile"!

ERIN'S COLLEEN

Fair blossom of "ould Ireland,"
Why seek you root in this bleak clime?
Was shamrock dying on the lea?
Had "Bells of Shandon" ceased to chime?

The ruddy gold of your bright hair
In waves of glory crown your head,
You skim the sod with dancing feet
As light as ever fairy's tread.

Twin wells of sparkling depths your eyes,
Reflecting every passing phase
Of smiling blue or surcharged cloud—
Coy and coquettish are your ways!

The path of life before you lies,
Devious, uncertain to the end,
Fortune varying, good and ill,
So wise you must be, little friend!

We wish for you a good man's love,
Be queen of one true, loyal heart,
Safe shelter of your ain fireside,
The peace that simple joys impart.

Should fuller life, a wider sphere,
Your talents and your strength command,
Rise with the current, grasp the helm
With a stout heart and steady hand!

But, glancing back to the "Green Isle,"
Keep warm in memory and in heart
Its struggles, triumphs, and its woes.
In its proud story you bear part.

A thought we crave, whate'er betide,
Ours is a goodly land and true,
Though a *first* place we may not claim,
With smiles, through tears, we welcome you.

REMINISCENCE

The organ swells softly,
All silvered the spray,
Spring birds chirp blithely
"We remember that May"!

And tender thoughts linger
On days far away,
The sundial finger
Points backward to "May"!

Over years that are chill
Stands out one bright day
Made glad by the thrill
Of a smile, star-gemmed May!

WITH A SILVER BREAD BOAT

Sail on! Sail on! With Cupid at the prow,
May skies be ever blue, the air as soft as now,
Your bungalow a dream, east front on Easy Street,
Your bread thick spread with clover butter sweet,
With cherub faces stamped upon each golden "pat,"
Your larder never empty, and "Welcome" on your mat.

AN EQUINE THRENODY

Over my spirit, crushed by man,
Whom serve I to life's utmost span,
There comes at times a longing strange
For Asia's steppes, freedom to range
Uncurbed, unbitted, with no rein
But mine own will, naught to restrain
The bounding pulse's joy of life; freedom
To toss my mane, to race, to come
Enticed by guerdon of no measured grain.
I, who might trample the ungarnered plain,
Spurn, with unshod hoof, the heavy beast
Who bears the burdens of the slothful East!

Shall generations of proud sires
Goaded by spur and whip, quench fires
That swept Siberian winter snows,
Or where Arabian simoon blows
Galloped, as free as winds of God,
Fleet-footed where no man hath trod?

In youth, when hot blood swells the veins,
I am the sport of silken reins,
In age, when toil has dimmed mine eye,
With shoes knocked off, turned out to die
(Free at the last of bolts and bars),
I see once more the guiding stars,
And rolling, press the cool, soft turf,
My glazed eyes close on the green earth.

THE DEAD TREE

Barren you lift imploring hands
To the June sky! Over green lands
You sense new life with joyous face!
Through numbing limbs you feebly trace
Unfolding of all growing things—
The wooing bird that pleading sings
To his coy mate on trellised rose,
The zephyr wind that luring blows
The fragrant scent to honey-bee—
And know, to all you stand, "Dead Tree,"
A prophecy, a story told,
A menace over all you hold
Of sad futurity—the end!
That life and love and time will rend
The heart-chords, stop the flow of song,
And all be as you are, "Dead Tree," ere long.

A SUMMER IDYL

Far from the ebb and flow of tides
Of oceans or of men,
Where sweet tranquillity abides
By inland waters' bosky fen,
The tired eyes, the noise-wrought nerves,
Through summer days find rest
Where dipping paddles, rounding curves,
Scarce fright the reed bird from its nest,
May thought of us mid daydreams sweet,
As blossom on the lily pad,
Beguile the hours to pass less fleet
And speed the moments sorrow-clad!

MARGARETHE

Fair crowned, from Goethe's land she came,
Proud daughter of the Rhine!
The sun shone bright, the breeze was soft,
When, clasped her hand in mine,
I gazed into her bright blue eyes,
Accepted pledge and sign!

Long years have passed with sun and shade,
Still was that smile of thine
Through cloud and storm a beacon light,
True daughter of the Rhine!
Though tears oft dimmed those clear blue eyes,
She brought no tears to mine!

Through stress and din of warring foes
Along the banks of Rhine!
Beneath the stars of this free land,
The dove of peace benign
Shall fold her wings, and in our hearts
Still glow the flame divine!

VACATION—THE RETURN

With faces turned from heat and crowd,
Where Ossa upon Pelion piles,
From glare and roar and pall of cloud
We seek cool streams, secluded isles,
Far from stifling, fetid dust,
The scurrying feet, the pale, drawn face,
Where need becomes impelling lust
For power of gold, for pride of place.

We flee from these—ah, fruitless quest—
Where shall we find our heart's desire?
Where is the bourne of rest—just rest—
Upon what willow hangs our lyre?
Place answers not our clarion call;
Seek we a guiding hand—or fate—
To our own selves we stand or fall—
Fagged brain, frayed nerves, respond, "Too late"!

We find sweet waters at the spring,
Refreshing shade, lush meadow creeks,
The bird and butterflies' bright wing,
Dim valley mists, snow mountain peaks;
Yea, these we sought and these we found.
We wandered far for care's surcease;
At Druid altars hymns resound;
Can rocks and reeds heart-pain appease?

Then thought we gifts mayhap to leave
 Where we sojourned a summer's day—
A prop to which the weak might cleave,
 A glimmering spark to guide their way.
Shall we return to bear our part,
 Strengthened to lift our load again,
To lend a hand, to cheer the heart
 Of labor-wearied fellow-men?

Much has been given, much received—
 We homeward turn to marts of men
With vision cleared, view tasks achieved
 By sweat of brow, by hand, by pen,
Accept that dust and heat combine
 To make and mold vast spheres of light,
That men by pain and toil still climb
 Their "Jacob ladder" through Earth's night.

SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
FOUNDING OF TRINITY CHURCH

Beloved Church of Triune God,
 Thrice-hallowed Trinity!
Three white-robed generations pass
 In presence of Infinity!
They cast their crowns before His feet,
 His sign and seal they bear,
In adoration kneel with us,
 And our devotions share.

Sweet incense of white-petaled flowers
Floats on the holy light,
Wafting the prayers for sainted friends
Long passed from tear-dimmed sight!
The songs of Zion, peal on peal,
To vaulted roof resound—
Tread softly, children of the Church,
You stand on holy ground!

From portal to dim chancel rail
Devout processions pass;
Soft halo on the low-bowed head
Falls through memorial glass;
The pain-crushed grape, the toil-won bread
On sacrificial board
Reveals through miracle of love
To eye of faith, their Lord!

Still stands His promise to His "friends"
Who His commands obey,
Though through a night He hides His face,
Shall dawn His perfect day!
Thus pass the years—"three score and ten"
Are but time's shifting sand—
God's Church, builded upon "The Rock,"
Eternally shall stand!

TRINITY CHURCH CHOIR

PARAPHRASE, REVELATIONS, CHAP. 7

Before the altar and the Lamb
I saw many clothed in white,
Of nations all, peoples and tongues—
Then said a voice unto me, "Write!"

And there fair angels stood in lines,
And elders, with uplifted face
Fixed on the emblem of their faith,
That stately lilies fragrant grace!

Their voices tuned to one accord,
Swayed by a master-mind, cried loud,
"Salvation to our God," always,
Floated as incense-bearing cloud!

Another angel, from the East,
Bearing the seal of the one God,
Pleads, "For their sake hurt not the earth
Whose flower-gemmed turf their feet have
trod!"

Thus on their foreheads seal they bear,
These ransomed of the Church we love,
And with the heavenly choir they raise
Our prayers unto the throne above!

BURNING OF GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 26, 1915

Gray dawn's first timid flush tinged ever-hallowed
East,
Awakened solemn hush chants hasten to the feast
Spread on this holy morn, our risen Lord's first day,
His table fair adorn, up, to the Temple, pray!

Courts of the living God, acme of taste and skill
(Whose aisles His saints have trod), tuned to the
rhythmic thrill
Of anthem roll and chime, hymned echo of a prayer,
Above the surge of time, borne to diviner air!

.
Halt! Roar of hurtling flame! Crash of rampart
walls!

Fierce rage no power might tame humanity appalls!
O man with brain obsessed, vaunting your godlike
power,
Weak, humbled, stand confessed, helpless in this dire
hour!

The fiery glare pales day, through billowed smoke's
black pall,
From tower outlined grimed gray peals out Christ's
pledge to all!
List, terror-stricken throng, upon your palsied ear
Strikes glad, triumphant song from bell chimes float-
ing clear!

Now on the glowing Cross strained eyes may peaceful
rest,
Through veils of pain and loss, though doubts and griefs
oppressed,
Faith tuned above the clang and din of human aid
Soared and inspiring sang, untroubled, unafraid!

Fair visioned in God's sight shall a new Temple rise
Above the gloom of night, embattled to the skies;
Chimed bells, peal, as of yore, to the horizons bound,
Proclaim from shore to shore, GRACE, risen, haloed,
crowned!

NASHOTAH MISSION

Nashotah, hill encompassed!
Proudly uplift upon thy rugged shores
Loved emblem of our faith!
Within thy placid depths, gnarled trees,
Hoary with age and memories,
Are mirrored!

Quivering, white-crested waves,
Storm-tossed by wintry blasts,
Reflect the steadfast stars
That light with holy radiance
The humble roof, the hallowed shrine
That sheltered first the missionaries
Who flung to far-north winds
The banner of the Cross!
Who told to whispering pines,
By waters stilled, amid the echoing hills,
That Christ was come to men!

Send forth, Nashotah!
Encircle the round earth,
Give as unto thee was given,
Youth, hope, yea, life itself—
Believing that to thee remains,
Most comforting, His promise,
“Lo, I am with thee always,
Even to the end!”

THE VIRGIN MARY

Of golden hair, soft eyes of blue,
Mary, last of David's line,
With mobile lips, a winning grace,
A dignity of royal race,
What meaneth Nazareth to you?

Comes there no pain of earthly loss,
Unroll the stars a music scroll,
No shrinking from hot Egypt sands,
A murmur from the caravans,
Do whispering trees shudder “the Cross”?

A gray of cloud of nimbus edge,
O'ershadows hilly paths you tread,
The incense from white lilies crushed
Rests in soft halo round your head,
Accept the Sacred Pledge!

Lift morn and eve (for woman plead)
Your soul's pure orisons,
Redemption for a world of sin
You carry meekly, and within
Your tender heart, all human need!

“HE MAKETH THE LAME TO WALK”

Through sun-white ways of Palestine
Vast crowds are surging up and down
'Neath cedars of proud Lebanon,
And cypress slopes from Tabor's crown,
Along the Jordan banks!

The motley throng one impulse thrills,
From patriarch gray to callow youth,
Dark-eyed Israelitish boys,
Girls, golden crowned, as fair-haired Ruth,
Proud mark of David's line!

The quest of health surges through all,
Youth to smitten age gives speech,
While moans and cries from out the groups
Swell to one plea, “Thee we beseech,
O Man of Galilee!”

The deaf do hear! Sight to born blind!
The lame do walk! They joy to hear!
Hope from despair parts company—
Healing of mind! And He is near
Who bringeth all to pass!

And thus the miracles were wrought,
Simple as faith of little child;
The need of Him! Lo, He is near,
The outstretched hand, and then He smiled,
“Thy faith hath made thee whole!”

"HOLY ISLAND"

Today the healing gift fails not,
Down the ages slow it came;
To kindly heart join skilful hand,
A power we know by a new name
"Maketh the lame to walk!"

The vision of the perfect Man
May not be given all to see,
But o'er rough roads, down rugged slopes,
By waters of some Galilee,
The lame by faith do walk!

"HOLY ISLAND"

Above the forest dense and dark
A giant pine uplifts its head,
Hoary with age, with branches stark,
Wind-swept and leafless, yet not dead.

As if, recalling buoyant youth,
A confident, sufficient prime,
No prescience of oncoming ruth,
Unshaken by relentless time.

Boldly it says, "I challenge men,
I lift my proud head to the storm,
They pass me, even now, as when
From riven heart I took this form."

It shouts aloud, in clear strong tone,
To listening or unheeding ear,
"Tho' I stand shattered and alone,
Nor past, nor present, do I fear.

"Since in my body still I bear
This holy sign, the sacred cross,
And men and I are in the care
Of Him, there is no loss.

"No future dark that we may dread,
My mission on the earth I fill.
To me, as unto men," He said,
"Unto the end I'm with you still."

Upon the breast of this fair lake
(As does the Galilean Sea)
Most Holy Island homage make,
Bear witness to Christ's sovereignty.

Proudly upon thy lofty crest
Rear his dear cross against the sky
Till sun and moon forever rest,
The stately pine shall lowly lie.

SUNDAY MORNING HYMN AT PINE LAKE

This hymn unto our God we raise,
Expressing in a song of praise
The morning joy we long to tell
To the one ear that knows us well!

This lovely lake that to our sight
Flashes and dances in the light,
Sparkles and swells as if to rise
Exultant as the bird that flies,

And pours its song while on the wing,
Dips its soft breast, and bright drops cling
That scatter, as it seeks the shore,
In prismic shower ere it soar

Again to join the choir above
Rejoicing in a hymn of love!
The stately pines through misty veil,
The shrubs and lowly things that trail

Among the pebbles on the beach,
In their appointed way may reach
Thy ear and lend their tuneful voice.
Thus all together may rejoice!

Each child of thine back to thy throne
Restore to thee what is thine own;
This hymn this holy morn we raise,
May angels chant, "Behold, he prays!"

LINCOLN

FIFTY YEARS FROM THE LYING OF HIS BODY IN STATE IN
CHICAGO COURT HOUSE

April, 1865-April, 1915

Above the boom of surf,
 Upon the sounding shore,
Above the roll of muffled drum,
 Above the cannon's roar,
Is heard the tramp of myriad men,
 As to a mighty Psalm—
Through the long hours of that black night,
On which would dawn no day
More heavy with a nation's woe,
 That for one moment they might gaze
Upon that care-grooved, marble brow,
 Dead to all blame or praise.
Through lofty dome, or murky pane,
 The paschal moon looks down,
And planets in their courses halt
 Above the stricken town!

The assassin's deed was deftly done,
 The giant column swayed and fell,
The shackles of four million slaves
 Clashed out a mighty knell!
From humble home and mother's knee
 Fared forth this sad-eyed patient man.
Potomac laved Gethsemane,
 To Calvary was but a span!

Rest thee, great heart! on flag-draped bier,
Soon will the tomb enclose
This martyr to his fellow-men—
We would not mar thy grand repose!
On bronze and granite deeply grave,
Oh, skilled and cunning hand,
His image and his fervid plea,
For a united land!

As when before the great white throne
You knelt with lifted face,
A crown of glory o'er it shone,
Freedom to a race!
Unnumbered peoples weep for thee!
Paeans down the ages roll,
The Great Emancipator free!
Unfettered is his soul!

NOTE.—Daniel Folger Bigelow stood in this line from early evening until after midnight before reaching the catafalque on which reposed President Lincoln's body. This poem is written for our son, Louis Barnes, in memory of that event.—C. M. B.

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

FEBRUARY TWELFTH AND TWENTY-SECOND

Beloved "FATHER" of our land!
"DELIVERER" of a race!
Deep graven be their honored names
Where time may not efface!

From red caves of their loyal hearts
Men's life-blood gushed for thee,
Who planted firm on freedom's height
The banner of the free!

Illume for us the tortuous way
Our halting steps must trace—
Before the heroes of those days
We hide our pallid face!

Oh, that the sword again might wave,
The silver tongue of power
Sway men to fine heroic deeds
In this imperiled hour!

With wreaths immortal would we crown,
We teach our children song,
But are we valiant for the right
“To suffer and grow strong”?

With deeds and days do we revere
Our regal, martyred dead,
With requiem chant, with muffled drum,
Draped flags and martial tread!

But, where they stand in the white light
Of heaven's eternal day,
The wafted incense of men's praise
Will pass, with earth, away!

Inscrutable to mortal ken
God's sacrificial plan—
HE sets the halo of HIS love
On him who dies for man!

T. R.

Hail, Theodore! "The gift of God"!
Men follow you with feet of clay;
No bloodless track the way you trod.
You blazed the trail to the affray!

High born! A century too soon!
Forerunner of the superman!
Gray dawn moves slow to gilded noon,
With you millennium began!

With godlike patience bear with those
Who low-browed issue from dim cave,
Descry in shadows prowling foes,
Reject the power mighty to save.

Thus hath it ever been to gods
Who came to earth to walk with men,
Deep-furrowed the resisting clods,
Then sorrowing passed beyond their ken.

To other men, remoter times,
Will heralds trumpet your proud fame,
Grand harmonies, heroic chimes—
Not here, nor now, we scribe with shame.

FLAGS

NATIONAL AND BLUE FLAGS

Where lush-green meadows sunlit lie
By catkin-bordered pool,
Where cattle browse and solemn eye
The children pass to school,

Whose bell tones quiver on the air—
Sweet-scented breath of June—
Bedecked in colors, passing fair,
Swayed rhythmic as a tune,

The blue flag lifts its dewy face—
Soft petals tipped with white—
Fringed pathway to its heart of grace
Guide stars to St. John's night!

Rising by steps from ooze and slime,
Our wearied thought may trace
By slow development of time
To pomp and pride of place

This low-born flower, through patient years,
From first green spear we see
The perfect vision of the seers,
The regal fleur-de-lis!

Our Flag! far flung, its field of blue
Star-gemmed, all glorified,
Red-striped, reminding me and you,
Forefathers bled and died,

STARVED ROCK

That they and we from servile place,
Lowly as this flag-flower,
By right to be and by God's grace
Stand *first*, a world-wide power!

STARVED ROCK

All nature is glorious this May,
The cherry is blooming today,
The river is flowing so still,
Sweet violets purple the hill
Where the red man took his last stand
With courage so splendidly grand;
The full-throated birds cheer with song
Where bravely they fought for so long,
A nation yet echoes the shock
Of the tragedy dire at Starved Rock!

And children may play 'mong the flowers,
The earth be refreshed with spring showers,
A fair table be spread for us here
With most hospitable cheer;
Not all of these sights and sweet sounds
That charm in these pastoral grounds
Can from memory ever dispel
The horror of what here befell;
The bloodthirsty savage will mock
The peace we would seek at Starved Rock.

Young lovers who seek this retreat
In whisperings low will repeat,
On the banks of this beautiful river,
As soft petals fall and leaves quiver,
While up from the thicket will float
The wail of the whippoorwill's note,
The story oft told and yet new
Of lost braves and dusky mates true.
Sweet lips will grow pale and hands lock,
As moonbeams fall chill on Starved Rock.

The strife, the wild passions of men,
Today are the same they were then,
The weak to the stronger must yield,
Life itself but a fierce battlefield.
As we rest by the calm Illinois,
These moments, but brief, we employ
To rehearse, in the simplest of rhyme,
These tales of an earlier time.
The whistle calls shrill from the dock,
We wave *au revoir* to Starved Rock!

"ON TO MEXICO"

Hear the call, one and all,
Rings the shout, right about,
Battle-cry "to Mexico!"

Our grandsires lit these fires,
You can bet they burn yet!
Off we go "to Mexico!"

Boys today march *their* way
Sweethearts dear through tears cheer!
Hard to go—"to Mexico!"

Friends away weep and pray,
Hearts will break for the sake
Of brave boys in Mexico!

Should we fall at this call,
Comrades come—muffled drum!
Bear us home from Mexico!

"Forward all!" great and small,
Far and near, shout and cheer!
"*Waves our flag in Mexico!*"

THE HYPHENATED AMERICAN

By oceans divided, from pole to the line,
All crafts and all callings, from banks to the mine,
From homes widely distant they gather at sea,
Voices tuned to one song, "The Land of the Free!"

One blue bends above them, one moon silvers night,
One sun gilds the dawning, stars give steadfast light,
One God, all name Father, one mother the Earth,
Yet each loveth best the land of his birth.

All sorrow, one sorrow, humanity's pain
Moans over their heart-chords in minor refrain,
In prosperity's hour joy brightens each eye,
Hand clasps hand of brother, to live, or to die!

In far lands, bravely sought, that twin oceans lave,
Shall the star that allured pale dim o'er Hope's grave?
They come down the mountains, they sing with the sea,
Whose dim caverns murmur, "The Land of the Free."

WORK OUT YOUR OWN SALVATION

Not with crouching, servile fear,
Our God made man erect,
Eagle-eyed, wide-visioned, clear,
To imagine, to reflect!

Degradation of the past
Leave thou where fell the chains.
Fight! with back against the mast,
Death to the brave remains!

Work! The base of God's wise plan,
Scorn not a brother's aid,
But side by side, man to man,
Helpful and unafraid!

The mills of God grind slowly,
Wait patiently on him
Who was the meek and lowly,
Till morning stars fade dim!

Then shall dawn the perfect day,
One blood be all the earth—
Still, his charge, "Watch thou and pray,"
Thus rise to the new birth.

FLAG DAY

FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

To the June breeze unfurl
Bright "flower-flag" of our land!
Striped red as heroes blood,
White, peace, for which we stand!

Blue depths arched above us,
Pierced stars radiate through,
Three cheers for grand "Old Glory"!
The red, the white, the blue!

Our standard, wreathed with flowers
Gathered by children's hands,
Blossoms from every clime
Join with the martial bands,

And sing in tunes exultant
Of courage, hope, and joy,
And faith this loyal day
That naught our peace destroy.

Our guide, our guard, our glory,
Appeal, oh, deep and strong,
To loftiest sense of honor,
Triumphant, patriot song!

Our pledge renewed this day,
Encircled hand in hand,
"Our fortunes, sacred honor,
Our lives," to flag and land!

WHEN IRELAND IS A COALING STATION!

REPLY TO GERMAN BOAST THAT THEY WOULD "MAKE
IRELAND A COALING STATION ON
THEIR WAY TO AMERICA!"

In this our year of grace,
Storm waves from the North Sea
Strike far Hibernia,
Wild shrieks the pale Banshee!

Hist! Invading Hun,
Above your warship's roar
Hear "Wearin' of the Green"
Ring out from Celtic shore!

When Irish loyal blood
Has filled her valleys till
Her craggy mountain tops
Are pierced with sanguine rill,

When strong arms of her sons
Lie bleached and stiff and stark,
Her round towers to dust crumbled,
Proud "Tara's Halls" are dark,

Blarney stone deep buried,
The stirring harp unstrung,
From minstrel lips no more
Sweet Gaelic songs are sung.

When Ireland's fair daughters
No more her sons do wed,
Shandon's bells peal dirges
When shamrock wreathes her dead,

While seers read the stars
The deep sea guards the land!
On the "ould sod" her sons,
Defiant freemen, stand!

St. Patrick holds the cross
Before their dying eyes,
The sign of victory,
Heroic sacrifice!

A REAL DAUGHTER OF 1812

Stately at eighty-two
As her northern pine,
Wearing her silver crown,
Pledge of her loyal line!

Eagle-eyed, keen-sighted,
Proudly she looketh back
On sire, "the last to cross the bridge"
Of fire-walled Saranac.

O Plattsburgh's yeoman band,
That turned the tide of war,
We kneel to press thy laurel,
Pride of Champlain's shore!

And should the bay leaves flutter
Upon the autumn breeze,
Most fitting that they fall
On "Daughters" such as these!

MEMORIAL DAY

1861-1916

Comrades, we have lived too long,
You fill a soldier's honored grave;
Righteous the cause, unsullied name
Bore the proud land you died to save.
Our eagle perched on lofty pine,
Clear-eyed, from mountain heights descried
Far battle lines of fallen men—
Would God that we with them had died!

Broken in spirit, weak of heart,
Snow-topped, with feeble hands we bear
The tattered and the bloodstained flag
You flung out free to martial air!
Comrades, our sky is overcast—
Dishonored in an alien land
Our children's children bite the dust
And none reach out a saving hand!

Tears fall today from our dim eyes
Upon your star-marked, flower-decked grave,
We live too long who live to see
The country that you died to save
Jeered and scoffed by lesser men,
Its faith reviled, flouted its name!
Comrades, bowed beneath the flag,
In its frayed folds we hide our shame.

MADONNA LILIES

Unto the Queen of Heaven bring
White chalice as her virgin thought:
Cast at her feet your offering
Of gift of gold as wise men brought
From East, star-led, to infant king!

Let incense of your fragrance rise,
Borne on the morning winds
To the arched blue of these fair skies
Bearing our earth-dross sin's
Accepted sacrifice!

But tenderly at bed of pain
Be sentinels to guard
The stricken there who, sighing, fain
Would whisper what of sin has marred
Humanity's refrain.

Be angels' chosen emblem still,
As dews of Hermon cooling fall!
Your silver trumpet cadence fill
Ears tuned to each responsive call
With seraph music thrill.

WHITE CARNATIONS

FOR MOTHERS' DAY

Your spicy fragrance from the land
Where zephyrs rocked the cradle of the race
Inspires our song, and tempts our hand
To pluck and place you in our memory vase.

In other land, a bleaker clime,
By sheltered sun-kissed picket fence
There grew, delight of childhood's time,
Fair, pretty pinks, kind nature's recompense

In stripe and color, for long hours
Of weary watching, anxious wait
For drought-dispelling summer showers—
We knew e'en then the cruelty of fate!

But soft-laid hand, mother's caress,
Love light that shone from eyes deep blue,
Clouded by mists of future stress
That fell in drops refreshing as the dew,

Come to us now, after long years,
Sweet as this flower's white-petaled breath,
And shine through showers of memory tears
A mother's love, that knows no death!

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S WILLOW

A young bride, when leaving her father's rooftree
For a pioneer's home by a fair inland sea,
With a spasm of heart and trembling of hand
From thy parent tree lightly severed a wand.

Then in her new home, with tenderest fears
She planted with care and watered with tears
This reminder of friends she might see nevermore—
Oh! fate wert thou kind by Champlain's peaceful
shore?

The veil none may lift from that deep-buried past—
Bending low o'er her grave thy shadow is cast.
We crave, when we pillow our head on earth's breast,
That under her willow we too may find rest.

GHOST FLOWERS

INDIAN PIPES

Pale visitant from some lost Eden!
Why pause in muck-strewn gloom?
Why lift thy alabaster brow through heavy oak
Or low-spread juniper, mid coarser fronds
Of fern or needle-pricking pine
That pierce thy shrouded form
Like biting sarcasm of inhuman speech?

Whilst biding in more earthly mold
Some noisome vapor didst thou emanate,
Fling out to vesper stars the sacrificial fumes
Of some frail wandering outcast
From the busier, sordid life of ant or bee?

Or, at thy ripening time, bright fruitage flaunt,
Hiding beneath its brilliant coat
The deadly poison of thy bitter soul,
Tempting the innocence of childish joy,
Hushing forevermore the merry laugh,
Paling sweet lips to thine own bloodlessness?

Or, were there secret sins known only to thyself and God
Whose labyrinth of winding, ever downward
Thou didst tread with halting step or headlong speed
Until thou reachest the depths of self-abasement
Where only fallen angels or a *Christ* may come?
And now, permitted for awhile
To visit, in this pale, chill garb
The earthly home, mayhap, thou lovedst full well,
To lift again with dignity thy head,
Glimpse sunny slope of sheep-dotted hill,
Shimmering flow of broad tree-fringed stream
And hear, like fairy bells, the laughter gay
Of *other toddlers* on life's opening way?

Whate'er thy past, whate'er today thy quest,
So lovely is thy guise, so pure thy outward seeming,
That thou mightst stand, pale sentinel,
At the door of some dim holy shrine,
Where we, of coarser clay,
Should tread with sandaled feet
And whisper soul-searching questionings,
As Druid priest at sacred grove confessional!

COLUMBINE FROM BANFF

Dear Mabel: when in happy hour
You picked this radiant golden flower,
Where, before your dazzled sight,
Snow-capped mountains reared their height
Against a glowing Arctic sky,
How dear, that over leagues should fly
Your thoughts; should kindly turn to one
Who, drooped beneath a torrid sun,
Where level roofs and smoke-topped spire
A brain would fag, and dimmed eyes tire
For green fields that her youth had known,
(All days are happy that are flown);
Who longed with yearnings unexpressed
For misty vale and mountain crest,
For meadows where the wild flowers grew
And tall grass bent with sparkling dew;
Who dreamed not in far west to twine
Love, joy, or hope with Columbine!
You come to me in latest years
And bring a joy akin to tears
(Oh, might I press that heart to mine
That shared with me her Columbine);
And other flowers to me more rare
Were twined with these with tend'rest care!
Within the compass of a line
Will you accept a wish of mine?
Should dun clouds overshadow you,
See silver linings shining through;
No hands unclasped, no broken vow.
May bright birds sing from each green bough!

PEONIES

Soft be your sleep with dreams of me,
The morning bring no joys that flee:
May heaven's benediction rest
On you and those you love the best.
When you approach that farther shore,
Where I've been watching long before,
May light as softly on you shine
As glows today from Columbine.

PEONIES

RED, GOLDEN, PINK, AND WHITE

No shrinking, modest, woodland flower,
Peering 'neath shade of Flora's bower,
But regal, flaming to the sky,
Proclaims, "a royal cortege nigh."

At Juno's car, stately and tall,
Like sunrise's golden, fiery ball
You stand, in herald's proud array,
And trumpet, "Summer's on the way."

In sunset shadow's paling pink,
Lovelier in June twilight sink,
And welcome Venus, glistening white,
A vestal torch, of St. John's night.

With subtle fragrance, luring bee,
A fluted note, from fruitage tree;
Yet, dare an idler chance to hover,
Your queenly scorn smites vagrant lover.

To beauty yield we right of way,
Fealty to lineage pay;
But sought through tears, to memory sweet,
Are flowers in shadow at your feet.

THE MORNING-GLORY

EMBLEM OF MOTHER-LOVE

The white frost of a still October night
Had flung out battle flags of sumac fronds;
The woodbine fingers, stained with sunset glow,
Pointed to the cold, silver moon as warning!
Low-creeping flowers clung
Yet closer to fond mother earth
With premonition that their life ebbed low.
Ripe brown seeds rattled to dry leaves a protest
That so late they lay ungathered!

Through frosted windowpane
We looked out on the frozen mist
That like a veil lay soft
O'er summer's faded glory.
The sun above bronze hills,
Beyond the purple lake,
Through dawn's gray rift
Questioned of hooded night
This trail of ghostly sheen.

Rise, resplendent sun! Brighten tear-dimmed eye!
Despondent heart, rejoice!
Above all drooping, chill forebodings
A fairy trumpet chants exultant
To the day god, "Good morning!"
With fair, white face of childhood innocence,
With soft, pink flush, purple of royal robes,
With clinging tendrils, fast as mother-love to life,
The morning-glory spreads its faithful heart
Of unchanged green o'er shattered hopes and broken ties.

“SLIPPIT AWA’”

Flower-taught as the Master bade,
Untroubled for the morrow we go forth—
When lo! the magic of a sunrise smile
Has melted, as repentant tears,
The rime and chill of Nature’s variance.

HIDDEN ?

Clouds, cover my secret,
Sea, bury it deep,
Earth, caverns, far hide it—
Ghosts stalk while men sleep.

“SLIPPIT AWA’”

Today you stand on mountain height
Above the mists of grief and pain;
From shadowed valleys, depths of gloom,
Rises triumphant strain!

With feet firm planted on the rock
Of faith in God and brother-man,
You climbed rough ways unfalteringly,
Seeing in all His plan.

This tribute from our hearts we pen:
Would we might clasp your hand,
Touch but your garments’ hem this day
Where glorified you stand!

ASCENSION

Celestial visitant, speed on!
We do not beg of thee a longer tarrying;
Too bleak our clime, grov'ling our aims,
Harsh our tenderest touch to thy ethereal spirit;
Our loftiest aspirations but earth mists that dimmed
thy sight,
Rare guest within a house of clay!

Swing wide the gates! The many mansions
Of thy Father's house glow with a joyous welcoming!
Thou wert sore missed, the circle of thy family band
Were broken until now—Oh, blissful reuniting!

Some heavenly day (a thousand years to us),
We crave thy thought, a lingering glance
Across the great gulf fixed. If tears may fall
Between the trellised bars of light,
Drop on our seared and thirsting lives
This token, that you grieve for us,
Groping on through shadows of our sorrow
That we no more may share the benediction of thy
grace.

"OOR LANG HAME"

The years pass on till centuries go,
From then till now 'tis ever so,
The young from the home roof will stray,
The old remain to weep and pray!

Thus in an earlier time there came
From Scotia's land to found a "hame"
A stalwart man of noble mien,
And maiden fair as Stuart queen.

With loyal hearts and firm-clasped hands,
Their vision fixed on far-off lands,
Faith in their fathers' God, and then
Sweet charity for fellow-men.

The fragrance of their Highland heather,
The glow of gorse, they two together,
The joy of life, the trust of youth,
No fear of woe, of coming ruth,

They built into their new home wall,
With roof-tree wide embracing all—
Who pulled the latchstring at their door,
Found cup and trencher running o'er.

And pledges of their love were given
That made that home an earthly heaven.
Time passed, then ripened sheaves once more
Were garnered to the Master's store.

But yesterday an alien band
Far from beloved Scottish land
Stood at the flower-decked, open door,
That, having closed, ne'er opens more!

Where hymns of hope, borne far above,
Were tuned by voices thrilled by love,
And wafted incense of a prayer
Rose on the circumambient air.

.
Who may question, who shall say
When these two walked their chosen way,
Left native heath for foreign strand,
They were not following His command,

Who led by fire through darkest night?
The cloudy pillar held the sight
Of these, as of the chosen few,
Who to a guiding light were true.

If shattered hopes and broken ties
Are the tried wings on which we rise
To life immortal, we as they
May bow our heads and meekly say,

Thy will, not mine, O God, be done
Through the vast cycles of the sun,
And we, motes floating in the air,
May in refulgent glory share.

Though our barks sail o'er untried seas
And pass the "harbor bar," as these,
We too may join those gone before
Who wait us on the Heavenly Shore.

THE LAST ARISTOCRAT

Regal our lady and dark,
Full-orbed—glorious!
A score of generations mark
The child of sires victorious
On land and sea!

Heir of all bountiful grace,
Intelligence fine!
Her lineage proudly we trace
Down to the last of her line—
Saints and brave men!

Sweet as the lily of France,
Swift to the cry of all pain,
The light of her smile would entrance,
The charm of her presence remain
To cheer and bless!

May the light so serene on the way
She walked, in affliction alone,
Shine on to perpetual day,
Till she stands in the light of God's throne
At His right hand!

Rest thee! thy summons has come!
Much given and much was required;
An eagle beholding the sun,
To no less she aspired
Than His "well done"!

RESURRECTION

The spring comes with the song of bird,
The budding trees, the early flowers,
The babbling of the brook is heard,
Soft patter of the April showers!

New life stirs to the earth's unrest,
After long torpor fitful sleep;
Then full awakening, confessed
The secret nature dares not keep!

So blind are we! So slow to learn
Our lesson of eternal things;
From these way-guides we stolid turn,
Groping through winters, dull to springs!

She sleeps, the child of promise fair!
Now you but see her resting-place;
Dead to your love and fondest care,
The spirit life you may not trace.

But in that land of shadows lies
A pathway to some sun-lit height
Where she, through clear ethereal skies
Sees only brightness in your night,

And knows your vision is but dim,
Your heart but faint for love of her;
You may not see beyond the rim
Of time's mutations that defer

The bursting of the chrysalis,
The revelation to your sight
Of her supreme, unclouded bliss,
Poised in that region of delight.

TRANSPLANTED

The holy joy her soul must know
When, from heavenly mountain peak,
She smiles on verdant vale below,
Bathed in the peace we fain would seek.

A thousand years are but a day
To those we love, beyond our ken;
Ours but to weep, to trust, to pray,
Theirs the new song, the grand amen!

TRANSPLANTED

God walked in his garden at earliest dawn,
Night breezes yet whispered, brooding stars not yet
gone!

New life upspringing thrilled as He came,
Heart to heart of each flowerlet breathed in fragrance
His name.

Cool dews were yet glistening on each tiny stem,
The first bird note chanted a reverent amen!

A pitying glance, ah! searchingly sweet,
Fell soft on a bud drooping pale at His feet;
Stooping, He breathed, as to first human child,
His breath of soul life—the baby bud smiled!
His messenger swift clasped earth flower to his breast,
In God's sheltered garden spirit flowers blossom best.

DIRECTOR OF THE ART INSTITUTE

Oh, mystery of happenings
Within the span of human life!
For this rare gifted man is heard
In the crude West a requiem!
Borne on the sorrow-laden breeze
From cultured East the solemn toll
For a departing soul!

Unto this inland sea
In his young manhood came
This scion of New England stock
Bearing an unblemished name,
With tread as firm as Plymouth Rock!
From Harvard's classic halls he brought
Its garnered treasure of well-ripened thought.

Not alone he gave
From the full storehouse of his brain,
But faith to save his fellow-man
By daily vision of a life serene,
All unperturbed, as fields Elysian.

A new-found gospel here he sought
With godlike patience to instil,
And here he taught, "Art for life's sake!"
Laved by the waters of Lake Michigan,
Today doth stand the embodied plan
That, first conceived within the mind
Of this rare, gifted man, brought to its shores
From those remoter lands, near East and farthest West,
The finest product of skilled hands—
Fit monument to Beauty, Art, and Song!

THE PASSING OF THE G.A.R.

Long with keen appreciation
Chicago will remember thee!
Within the walls of their stout hearts
Her uplifted sons will loyally entrench
Thy well-beloved and honored name—
A beacon shining through their tears,
Director William M. R. French.

Over his bier a requiem!
Borne on the sorrow-laden breeze
The measured tread, the solemn toll,
For a departing soul!

THE PASSING OF THE G.A.R.

Lengthening shadows from the West
Across the placid afternoon sped streaming!
Now on the reluctant ear "Taps" sound;
A chill not of the earth or sky
Creeps stealthily! the blood, less warm
Than at the noon-mark of its prime,
Takes sluggishly to the foreboding heart
A warning, "Night draws on apace."

Ill-omened birds that over many a plain
Red with the blood of fallen heroes hover,
Darken the sky, and, swooping, touch
With tip of wing the dew-damp brow.
The muffled drum, draped flags tell to the world
A mighty man hath fallen!
A ray from out the galaxy of fame pierces the gloom,
Guides grief-blinded eyes to where
A veteran of the Civil War lies dead.

“TAPS”

Hero of battles! Bitter strife!
Ensanguined fields, wet with blood
Of brothers! With hand and heart
Tender as woman's, responsive to each
Human cry of pain or woe,
From whence came power to ride
Your charger over foes, gray lines
Of men, into whose eyes had flashed
Your own, with friendliest charm?

The mystery of a God, whose love,
Revealed to man in scourge and
Chastening, is our cryptic answer!

Ride on! Ride on into red sunset glory!
The night was falling fast, we would not
Have you stumble nor feel the midnight chill,
But rather that the knell of “Taps”
Were but the golden hinges of the door
That, swinging wide at your approach,
Closing, hid you to our mortal sight,
Left you, with your fine “salute,”
Before your loved Commandant.

DOCTOR J. B. MURPHY

DEATH TRIUMPHANT

Ride fast, Pale Horse!
Fling from your sharp hoofs
All human skilled endeavor.
Snort swift lightnings, you have need;
Long he has outdistanced you,
Left you lagging, gaunt,
Biting the dust!
This is your day,
Your triumphant hour!
Shriek with Judean mob,
"Others he saved, himself
He cannot save!"

The aged linger, wailing,
The children weep for him,
Mausoleum peace infolds him,
The solemn rites of church and state
Guard him reverently!
The fragrant memory of
His daily walk and conversation
Mingles with palms and lilies!

What you can take, O Death!
Is dust and ashes.
The white flame of his spirit
Mounts to God who gave it.

THE SCULPTOR

CHARLES J. MULLIGAN

Gods of the North hammer uplifted,
Mountains quaked! The rocks brought forth
Full armored, as proud daughter of high Zeus,
This master-worker that today we mourn!
Of mold heroic, stalwart of limb,
Face chiseled by fine thought,
Polished by love of fellow-man;
Tender his touch and soft as woman's,
Yet firm to clasp of friend.
Merry of heart, benignant as the sun!

Today the first spring bird pipes moaning,
The verdant turf, the violet chalice brimming dew,
The simple things he loved, creeping, cover
Unquarried granite fain to guard his grave.
And we, in this our stricken hour, kneel
And with bared head share with these their grief.

Think not, O friend! that earth decay shall claim him;
In secret alchemy of Nature's spacious shop
Mysterious change is wrought! They who come after
us
Shall seek, and, delving, find in perfect beauty,
Finest marble, jasper, and the onyx stone,
And permeating all, his spirit,
Who, being loved of gods, died young.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

REQUIEM

On vibrant strings, to vagrant winds
He voiced his soul of song!
Of birds and bees in rhythmic lines
He sang, painting along
Sweet country roads wise magic signs.

Night-shelter oft of simple folk
At wayside door he sought;
With supple hand, with cunning stroke,
Twin arts of song and color wrought,
Quaint harmonies awoke.

Then, echoing to the marts of men
Homeric strophes charmed ears,
That pulsed and thrilled, that once again
Chorus and chime, laughter and tears,
Flowed from a master-pen!

The song is hushed, the strings are still,
There rustles through the corn
A moan, foreboding autumn chill,
Of "Frost upon the pumpkin" borne
By dirges from Crown Hill!

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

THE LEADER OF HIS PEOPLE

On Pisgah's mount he stood,
Far stretched the Promised Land,
Beneath lay the vast camp
Of Israel's stricken band!

From the Nile-watered sands,
Red Egypt's grain-gold fields,
To Pharaoh's royal throne,
Vain agonized appeals.

Crushed spirit, darkened soul,
Stunted brain, the dower
From brutal servitude,
Weak, regenerate power!

Back to Sinai's crest,
To that appalling night
When God spake from out cloud,
Hidden from mortal sight!

The wilderness, the years,
The struggle, the uplift,
Faith slowly wakening,
Through gloom—a rift!

As mists before his gaze
The years pass as a scroll,
In light Divine he sees
Futurity unroll!

“THE MYSTERY MANSION”

With steadfast eye he views
The way he may not tread,
But knoweth well, another
Will follow where he led!
So, trustful lays him down
Upon that toil-won height,
There, with his God, alone,
He passeth from man's sight.

“THE MYSTERY MANSION”

Through lichen'd branches of time-blackened elm
A gray-white mansion's turret roof,
As scion of some usurped realm,
Stands dark, in dignity aloof!
The bronze-green shutters' splintered slats
By fine-spun cobwebs hang;
At musty rain holes peer gaunt cats,
The sagging doors the moor winds bang!
Grim sentinels, tall chimneys stand
Against the sunset's afterglow;
And veiling soft the untilled land
Lies a thin mantle of first snow!
Through garret window's unglazed sash,
A tarnished mirror's crinkled face
Catches a meteor's space-spent flash,
Reveals brocade and yellowed lace.
A haunting glance of joy-wrecked youth,
Proud memories that never die,
Of brave men's valor, woman's truth,
Of graves where faith and promise lie!

Forsaken and deserted home!
So soon the generations pass
Who knew thy story, why they roam,
Whose anguish clouds the ancient glass!

How dare our stranger eyes to seek
What kindly nature veils from sight,
Why bid the stocks and stones to speak,
Why bare time's mysteries to light?

"Mystery mansion," honored be,
Die, as you long have lived, apart,
The pain of you, across the sea,
Abides within our grief-sealed heart!

"UNCLE SILAS"

We miss, where daily up and down,
He walked the streets of his home town;
His smile so kind, his greeting true,
This stalwart man of "Old Peru"!
We no more shall hear the cry
As wheels rumble, passing by
At early morning or at dark,
"There goes Uncle Silas Clark!"
Rounded his years, life's utmost span,
He filled his niche in God's wise plan,
His good name honored down the years,
His grave kept green by memory's tears!

WEDDING BELLS TOLLED

WEDDING BELLS TOLLED

I brought my bride to my father's house
 With first stirring of spring's new life
In the heart of our old mother earth,
 Swung wide the gates to greet my wife,
 So gaily we passed in!

The joy of youth and love was ours,
 The softened air, the skies more blue,
A chirp of bird in distant wood,
 Our hands were clasped, our hearts beat true,
 We knew no doubt nor fear.

Time's cycle of the rounded year
 Brought hope and cheer to man:
The bud, the flower, the ripened fruit,
 Presaging life's allotted span
 Of threescore years and ten.

.
There is a chill in springtime air,
 Mists are rising, heaven's less bright,
A moan where laughter rang out clear,
 Our sunrise shading into night,
 A dimming of loved eyes!

Now closed the door of my father's house,
 'Tis hushed where my young wife lies
In her bridal robes! Wide portals swing
 Of our Father's house, beyond the skies,
 Her soul is passing in!

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD"

Long lines of honest folk gave birth
To sterling virtues, common-sense,
Words well watched, judgment reserved,
Broad charity for the offense.
The ceaseless round of daily cares
Began nor ended with the sun,
Yet with a smile for happy thought,
The timely joke, the pointed pun!

The latchstring hanging out the door,
Though pulled full oft by vagrant hand
That closed upon unstinted dole,
Spelled "welcome" to the roving band.
But chosen friend worthy a place
Within the shelter of her tent,
Warmed by the glow of her wide hearth,
The cheer her kindly presence lent,

Lingering on threshold, looking back,
Felt he had known that rarest thing,
Communion with congenial soul,
A memory without a sting!
At bed of pain, neighbor's sore stress
Found capable and ready hand,
The faith that courage gave, and hope
A bridge across time's chasm spanned.

The sunlit hills, the sparkling brook,
The sweeping meadows, orchards' bloom,
Shall fill no more her spirit's needs,
Folded her hands in restful tomb!

HEART-CRY SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH

For us, belief that smile of God
Did welcome her where labors end;
Where Marys and tried Marthas meet
And each knows Jesus for her Friend.

HEART-CRY SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH

FOLGER

All days are years without you!
Tell me in that life apart from mine
There still is consciousness
Of the strong tie that bound us!
Today I strew with flowers
And wet with tears your grave.

EASTER GREETING

Across the leagues we greet you, friend,
In thought, this Easter Day!
May sunlit skies, music's uplift,
Sweet flowers cheer your way!

May incense from some holy fane
Rise with your prayer and song,
And may you glimpse a much-loved face
Amid the passing throng!

Should memory waves in unison
With charm of this rare day
Stir thought of us and bring a smile
Mid all the proud array,

We shall be happy in your joy
And bless you as you pray;
Join in glad hallelujah song,
"Christ is risen today!"

THE FIRST EASTER

THE WOMEN AT THE TOMB

Sleepless had been the night,
Fears and forebodings rife;
The future loomed heavy with dread,
Dead was the Lord of Life!

Dripping the gray mist hung
Above the Kedron's trees,
And vigil stars of the far east
Sank pale in western seas!

THE FIRST EASTER

But now, Moriah's rim
Is lined above the gloom
And women, watchful for some sign,
Wend early to the tomb.

Through spring chill of the dawn,
Trembling, alert from fear
The Roman watch and prowling bands
Might yet be lingering near.

Through olives gray they peer
Where to their tear-dimmed sight
A haloed form, like to the Lord's,
Irradiates the night!

Responsive chords of love
" Thrill to a memory wave,
The sun, gilding Judea's hills,
Reveals an empty cave!

And light that never shone
On land or shimmering sea
Lit that new tomb! The Marys cried,
"Rabboni! Art thou He?"

The veil is rent! No more
Mourn we our pain or loss
With Sharon's rose, with lilies fair
We deck the thorn-crowned cross!

ADÈLE FRANCES

Latest flower of sunny France,
Why came you in November gray?
What is there by this inland sea
To lead your little feet our way?

Heard you the boom of cannon loud,
The rattling of the musketry,
Saw searchlights sweep across the sky,
The huge swells of ships under sea?

And thought a neutral soil to find,
A haven safe from wars and strife,
Where sheltered in some homey nest
You might begin to "live your life"?

Whate'er your thought or baby plan,
We welcome you, and bless the day
That led you, with your Titian hair
And twinkling eyes, to come and stay!

Lilies of France are drooping now,
Their gold has taken sanguine hue,
But saddest of sad hours were hers
When baby Frances waved adieu!

VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA

BORN COLUMBUS DAY

Proud virgin, England's Queen!

Homage we yield to thee

From far new western land,

Fairest Virginia!

Over uncharted seas,

In bark as frail as thine

(Daring, fair voyager),

Guided by love divine,

On this thy natal day,

With eager, raptured sight

Columbus, out from mists,

Visioned safe harbor light!

Stretch out thy tiny hands

To England's white-cliffed shore;

United, North and South,

A child leads as of yore!

Spread white wings over seas,

Poise dove of peace on mast,

Home and hearth are haven,

Virginia, anchor cast!

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

From fireside warmth, o'er snowy drifts,
Glad greetings from our hearts we send!
Though Christmas bring us choicest gifts,
We cherish most, today, a friend.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

A holy hush! A solemn Syrian night
Trembling with expectation!
From out the starry spheres a light
Shone where a young child lay.
Triumphant dawn beamed on a new creation,
And it was Christmas Day.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

"AND SHE BROUGHT FORTH HER FIRST-BORN AND LAID
HIM IN A MANGER"

One early winter night, beneath a Syrian sky
Of wondrous blue, the full moon riding high,
Within its straw-lined, moss-edged, cedar bed,
A wakeful bossy to its patient mother said:
"Tonight I saw, up through a chink in our rude stable,
The brightest star! As well as I was able,
I raised myself up on my bended knees,
And peering out through branches of bare cypress trees,
Most pitiful the sight I saw. Slowly adown the hill,
Across the valley, stepping through the rill,
Something I saw, most unlike unto thee,
Yet in my dream, it seemed, somewhat like me.
With dignity, but with great care it strode,
That no false step might fright so fair a load!
Above, there rose a face, flushed like the earliest dawn,
But now, with pain, the pale sweet lips were drawn,
And from appealing eyes drops fell like morning dew,
And great surprise was there! Now this I tell to you,
To ask, if for the taxing they be come this way,
Spent travelers, seeking shelter, rest, or hay?
Do you not hear strange footsteps near our door,
A moan and pleadings we may not ignore?

.
Quick, mother! Let Her have my bed
And I will lie upon the floor instead,
Or go out on the hill among the sheep,
There, watching that bright star, shall have no wish
to sleep!
And I shall hear a lullaby, earth never heard before;
As I pass out, my mother, please softly close the door."

THE NEW YEAR

Heart throbs swell the requiem; brave men lying dead,
Earth-clods at their feet, snow-wreaths at their head;
For widows and orphans unsheltered, unfed,
Strained eyes seeing ever glazed eyes of their dead!
Through pitiless hours of the long winter nights
Unsheathed flash the blades of the cold "northern
lights"!

We bid thee chill welcome, thou incoming year,
The shrieking of shells deadens chimes to our ear;
The hands of our loved ones we clasp in despair
As Death rides his car through highways of the air!

Oh! God of the stricken, Thy children of earth,
Plead not of the New Year for laughter of mirth!
But grant that our faith dies not with the year,
Sound the paeans of peace to our long-listening ear!
Made pure by blood-washings, fair cleansed may we
raise
The morning-star hymn to the Ancient of Days!

THE KNIGHT'S VIGIL

PAINTING BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

The "golden age of chivalry," men wail,
Has passed, with cycles of the earth!

No more men kneel for accolades—
Bowed, grovel in the turf,
Rise not above the spade!

No vigil keep in dim church aisle, they tell,
On chill stone slab through night,
Above sire sepulchered below,
That with first golden shaft of light
Their consecrated arms might glow.

Nor charges given now, "Be thou good knight";
We parley not nor contradict—let be
The days of eld, the better days alway;
What men most look for that they see,
So only that, they too, both watch and pray!

The "age of chivalry" has passed, truth tell,
But on that cornerstone, sunk deep,
Remaineth, towering, undimmed by time,
The beacon fires that nightly vigils keep,
And painters limn and poets essay rhyme.

RETROSPECT

Long buried 'neath the dust of time
We bring to light a girlhood rhyme,
And read again a tale long told,
With eyes tear-dimmed and heart grown cold,
Of the dear ones of our home band!
Through spaces vast, from other land,
We see them gathered close once more.
Softly they enter the wide door,
Startled they gaze on each loved face,
Seeking, yet sadly fail to trace
The image they have carried long
In memory, through stranger throng,
Pictured in hours of weary pain
The forms they ne'er might see again!
They vanish, ghostly as they came,
These fantasies of fevered brain!
Why yield to gloom? somehow, some way
We have fulfilled our destiny!
Though never here, in shadow-land
Speech answers speech and hand clasps hand,
Somewhere unite the old home ties,
The bond that time and death defies.

INSPIRATION

My star is set in the vast firmament!
Meteor-like it blazed across my vision,
Blinded my earth-born sight,
Radiated to the four points that compass being,
And in between glittered on each sentient nerve,
Welled up the currents of my life
Until each wave reflected all desire,
Hope, illusions, passions, and ambitions;
Then fading, left my soul, my heart,
Even the breath of life within me,
Stranded upon the shore of fate,
Gazing spent into that blank abyss
Wherein my star, engulfed, is lost to me forever!

MEMORY DAY

Not of slaughter of the wars,
Not of men with mark of Cain,
Not of devastated homes,
Unscythed fields, ungarnered grain!

Memory turns our wandering steps
To where our snow-crowned parents lie,
In graves flower-strewn with tenderest care,
Beneath this mild September sky!

To brothers, sisters, who at rest,
Free of the world's turmoil and strife,
Entered upon wider spheres,
Attaining to the perfect life!

Pained afresh the mother's breast,
From which the tender babe was torn,
But daisies here, asphodels there,
Smile as they greet each heavenly morn!

The stranger that within your gates
Rendered his shriveled soul to God—
Remember, but for pitying grace,
Our graves may be but weed-grown sod!

Each unto his own give tears,
And in God's acre kneel and pray,
Forgetting not the absent ones
Whose thoughts are with you "Memory Day."

GRAND ISLE, VERMONT

Oh, youth and moonlight, a quiet boat ride,
A still summer night, drifting out with the tide!
Did the leaves quiver down by the shore,
Or pale muses shiver that men woo them no more?

Saw ye the smiling of Grand Isle's emerald shore,
In tradition beguiling should ye love tales of yore?
Weird are the tales that they tell winter nights,
That chill the blood cold, the stout heart affrights!

"By a storm that rent heaven from rock-riven earth"
To the red man was given to see a new birth!
At sunset Champlain paled smooth to the sight!
"To Vert Mont a daughter was born that wild night."

Thus our ancestral lands rose to greet their first morn—
Brave men with skilled hands of fierce throes are oft
born!

Gray, mossy script marks a time-sunken grave
Of a brain that was keen, a hand skilled to save!

Returning, the skiff grinds the white-pebbled shore,
Spent waves lap the beach—our musings are o'er!
Now leagues lie between us—our tears fall the while,
That no bard sings thy story, historic Grand Isle.

NOTE.—In *American Traditions* may be found this Indian legend. In earlier times the islands, now known as South Hero, North Hero, and Grand Isle, were not visible in Lake Champlain. After a night of terror, heavy rains, electric storms, and seismic shocks, these islands were distinctly outlined above the water. Being nearer the Vermont than the New York shore, they were justly claimed to belong to the eastern shore. The Barnes family for many generations have lived on Grand Isle, five in direct line being physicians.











